Lear. Well let it be ſo, thy truth then be thy dower,
For by the ſacred radience of the Sunne,
The miſtreſſe of *Hecat*, and the might,
By all the operation of the Orbes,
From whom we do exiſt and ceaſe to be,
Heere I diſclaime all my paternall care,
Propinquity and property of bloud,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for euer, the barbarous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation
Meſſes to gorge his appetite,
Shall be as well neighbour'd, pitied and releeued,
As thou my ſome-time daughter.
Kent. Good my Liege.
Lear. Peace *Kent*, come not betweene the Dragon and his (wrath
I lou'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my reſt
On her kinde nurſery, hence and auoid my ſight:
So be my graue my peace as heere I giue,
Her fathers heart from her; call *France*, who ſtirres?
Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albany*,
With my two daughters dower digeſt this third,
Let pride, which ſhe cals plainneſſe, marry her:
I do inueſt you ioyntly in my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troope with Maieſty, our ſelfe by monthly courſe
With reſeruation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turnes, onely we ſtill retaine
The name and all the additions to a King,
The ſway, reuenue, execution of the reſt,
Beloued ſonnes be yours, which to confirme,
This Coronet part betwixt you.
Kent. Royall *Lear*,
Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,
Loued as my Father, as my Maſter followed,
As my great Patron thought on in my praiers.
Lear. The bow is bent and drawne, make from the ſhaft.

Kent.

Kent. Let it fall rather,
Though the forke inuade t
Be *Kent* vnmannerly, when
What wilt thou do old ma
Shall haue dread to ſpeake
To plainneſſe honours bou
Reuerſe thy doome, and in
Checke this hideous raſhn
My iudgement, thy yongeſt
Nor are thoſe empty heart
Reuerbs no hollowneſſe.
Lear. Kent, on thy life no
Kent. My life I neuer hel
To wage-againſt thy enemi
Thy ſafety being the motiu
Lear. Out of my ſight.
Kent. See better *Lear*, an
The true blanke of thine ei
Lear. Now by *Apollo*—
Kent. Now by *Apollo*, Ki
Lear. Vaſſall, recreant.
Kent. Do, kill thy Phyſiti
And the fee beſtow vpon t
Reuoke thy doome, or whi
From my throat, ile tell the
Lear. Heare me, on thy al
Since thou haſt ſought to n
Which we durſt neuer yet;
To come betweene our ſen
Which, nor our nature, nor
Our potency make good, ta
Foure dayes we do allot th
To ſhield thee from diſeaſe
And on the fift to turne thy
Vpon our kingdome; if on
Thy baniſht trunke be foun
The moment is thy death, a

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22293) LONDON, 1608 [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.